"Anthony Carl Family"

Anthony Carl Daniels

Anthony Carl Daniels

Anthony Carl Sances

2:30am.

Dear Me, 3/11/84

This is my first entry in my new diary. Although this is my first realy life serge diary it is not of course my first re-cordings and recollections of my thoughts and ideas.

Saturday (yesterday) I hooked up with this little boy (17 yrs) in high school whom I met last summer at Poo's (George) birthday party. His name is Joseph. He's a confused young queen struggling to find herself and came out (all the way) of the closet. We had sex and he more or less took on most of the foreplay duties I usually do. Licking and biting nipple and toe. I couldn't do it because he's so young. Needless to say he did quite a through job. But he's a young child, not so much in age because I'm only

2yrs. Older than he is, but
his body was so young, tender,
baby soft and dwarfed by mine.
But the size of his "member"
dwarfed it as well. Then there
was fact there he isn't
mentally able to deal with
someone like me yet. He
was tring to get over by saying
that he didn't have any money,
then all of a sudden he found
it when I refused to pay it.
Then when we went to bed
together he wanted to screw
me (which he did very well) and not
let me screw him. I explained
to him that I didn't like the idea
of him getting (tring to) over soo easily
and that it wouldn't be easy with
me. We Came to a Comprimise
I "very crudely I might add" made
him give me head before he
could push my womb in.
I Ordered him to suck my dick.
Continue tommorow -

~~3/10/84~~ 3/17/84

Dear Me,

Today is St. Patricks today, for what ever that means. I'm dressed in green + yellow (bright) and sitting alone collecting my thoughts and planning my day. I think I'll basically sit around and write letters and make phone calls to friends and family that I haven't seen or heard from in a while. Life for me in the social-sexual sense has been looking up for me in some respects. I have slept with more guys in the 2½ months this this year than I have in the 3 yrs that I been writing here. But there are always obstacles we must get around. Most of the ones I've been detouring around are the fact that the guys dont want to deal with the fact → being they are

gay, or that they like men better than women. That's the big that I don't have the patience to deal with. However I can, and very well, when needed. My present job situation is aiding me in one damn well. Its aggravating rather than allevating. But through it all, I will stand tall.

Dear Me, 3/19/84

Today is Mon. and as usual, I found it very hard to get up this morning. But it was especially hard today. One reason being that I got high last night an I already had a headache before I started smoking the shit. Another being that I am really getting fed up with the unnecessary bullshit I am encountering on the job. I am getting to a point

where I don't care half as much as these assholes do (the management), which is a very bad sign. They do give a fuck about anything except making more money to put in their fucking pockets.

Dear Me, 3/22/84

Today I have no choice but to sit down and confide in you. I feel extremely elated and yet a bit melancoly. Reasons? Unknown. Tuesday I watched a movie on T.V. about a girl who got caught up in this thing called life trying to find something that would make her happy. She stumbled into womens professional bodybuilding and it was the answer. Although it caused some problems for her, but it made her feel good about herself

And maybe her healthier. Films like this always inspire me to make a change similarly. I just never seem to have enough will power to do it.

Dear Me, 3/25/84

Friday I went shopping at the Mall. I bought a gold chain at Citizens. The chain was originally $159.99 but it was on sale for 1/2 off so I got for $80.00. This was my first time buying something on credit. The did a credit check and all that, so I will now have a Citizens Charge Card. Next I intend to try and get a Rich's Charge and maybe a J.C. Penney's. I also got my Income tax return back. I got 359.61 from Fed. And 39.51 from State so I

put most of it in the bank and the rest is for me. I now have about $100.00 dollars in the bank and I'm getting my credit established. That's about the only thing the came from me working a E.l. Chico, the money I'm making is making all this possible.

Dear Me,
Today is April 9, 1984. I just got thru unwinding after a day of work. I am at home alone at the moment so I feel rather laid back and relaxed. On Sunday April 1st I was in Albany (back home) for the weekend, and inspecting the new house my parents have moved into. The house is very large and spacious. It has a lot of things that we've always

dreamed of having furniture in our house. But having so many family members they're cramped for space at the moment. However, Loretta is pregnant from somebody named Jake and she's still married to Andrew. So she's supposed to move out pretty soon, so hopefully after she does they will be able to get everything into shape. I spent Saturday afternoon at home and on the phone until I decided to get dressed and go out. I saw a couple of old friends and had a real cute time. Sunday after spending half the day in church, I went shopping riding and visiting friends all day and most of the night.

5/29/84
Tuesday

Dear Me,

Today or shall we say tonight (11:30 pm) I had no choice but to sit down and write, record my emotions on paper. Lately I haven't been able to finish most things I start because my thoughts are so cluttered that they cloud my mind, almost crippling me. I want so much, to roam, I want to be a forerunner yet I don't want to take the blows that they have to take or endure the strains and pressures that come with this title. I want to experience love, yet I don't feel like I can give it in return. I don't think I could leave myself vulnerable to anyone right now! I'm struggling to contain the rebellious militant in me, but I want so much to let it free, unleashing it with a force of unconventionalism ~~the~~ so great that all those who precede

me seem like mere starting a vast and wide space in which I am the center of the universe. If such conflicts of this mangnitude are, healthy or unhealthy I cannot see the line between them. I want so much to get a grip on my life and take total control and responsibility of everything that happens to me. Realizing of course that we must all face up to reality - No one has that kind of control or takes all the responsibilities of their lives. Too much too soon.
Love - "Madness" → A emotion so strong that it can affect you in a unimaginable. It can deafen or whet all of your senses and even help develop those extra ones (ESP) or kill them. It also can leave you unable to do battle (of any kind) or make you unconquerable.
Hate - Said to affect you in the opposite ways that love does. It is of feeling of ill will rather than

worship or praise (love). The line
between the two are very thin.
There are so many things
that I'd like to accomplish and
have no willpower to do so.
"Rejection" → My worst fear!!!
There are so many times that I
run into people ("guys" mostly) that
I like sexually and/or mentally I'd
like get to know or become personal
with, but that fear jumps up and
slaps me in the face keeping me from
speaking up. 5/31/84 One would think
~~that from the way that I~~ from
knowing me that this would
not be true. I give off the
image of being loud and
and outspoken. This is merely
a facade of sorts → unless
I know you quite well or you
offend me in some way.
I realize that I will have to
start speaking up for what I
~~[illegible]~~ want and also realizing

that I can't always have
what I want.
Right here and Now → At
Present I am 19 yrs old and share
a 2 bedroom with my brother
(Freddy) and close friend Bernard
Davis (mother). Guess who sleeps
on the sofa (me)? That's right!
That itself is not a problem but
I have no /5/31/84 → privacy.
Every day when I come home
and undress, taking off my
uniform, I have to sit in the
livingroom. I don't have a
room to cool out in or collect
my thoughts and ideas on what
has happened during the course
of my day. That is something
I need so desperately. I feel
that I am a psychotic of
sorts and I really act it
when I don't have some time
alone for personal re-
grouping. This is one factor
in my life that we are trying

to correct that is causing me some stress. Another is my JOB → I have been at El Chico a little over a year. During my first 6 months of work there, I did outstanding work. This went unnoticed by management → and unstable authoritative group of people in charge of running the restaurant and doing paper work. A pitiful lot they are indeed. At present I have been through 4 and I'm on my 5th assistant. Having to adjust to different personalities and temperaments can become quite taxing on one's nerves. In the year that I've been there I have only received 1 (25¢) raise and the things asked of me have just increased in # and degradability. The pressures here I feel are far greater than any in my life.

Romantic Notions

6/20/84

Dear Me,

Today is one of those very hot mid week days in June, and as usual my emotions run deep. This is the time of year when the boys out do the girls as far as seeing who can wear the less to beat the heat. Of Course the guys win hands down. Unfortunately for me. This is just sheer torture for me, because the guys here are so fine. They make things very difficult and uncomfortable for me. Just summer passion rising. As is, Freddy and I have enough sibbling rivalry between us. Then all of a sudden he became ill, which aggravated the problem. He dances to the drum of a different beat. This makes it difficult for us to

have a meeting of the minds. He is very nonchalant about ~~most~~ most everything, and it takes a lot to upset him. Me I'm exactly the opposite. I have strong feelings on most everything, and it doesn't take very much to upset me at all. I'm really and emotional sponge of sorts. I live day to day collecting thoughts and ideas about things they happen or issues at hand, using my personal experiences to guide me, and eventually provide me with an outlook or opion on that issue. Freddy on the other hand learns but places way back, only recalling in situation of dire need. Now he is in the hospital and I didn't really think anything was really wrong with him. I Love him, but I wish he was more assertive and level headed. Sure of himself and his ~~place~~ sexuality.

The reason being is that I would like to be a lot closer to him than I am. Then he could help me get a perspective on my life, and the things that are being revealed to me. But he is no help nor consolation. He's just a listener.

Every body is always telling me how precocious I am. How mature I am, and level headed. But I am also a bitch! Especially when I have not had my sex - (80% of the time). Then sometimes when I have - (10% of the time), because a little smidgen usually makes me want more and more often. And I like to have a meeting of the mind with the person as well. The other 10% of the time the guy is somebody I'm using or viceversa to get my thing rocks off sometimes its enjoyable sometimes its not. I'm usually happy after scences like this.

Glad as hell their over.
Lately I've thought about so many things quite seriously one of them is my sexuality. At the moment and probably henceforth and forever ~~more~~ more I will be almost exclusive gay. I was gay during adolesence and throught my teens (which are about to end). That was not due to the fact that I only slept with guys, but due to the fact that I thought gay, or such was and is and probably always will be ~~my~~ my state of mind which is indeed what makes you gay. This coming from a inate trait.
I was always curious about the human body both male and female. I did quite a bit of exploring and found that both sexes have beautiful bodies, but the male body is what I crave what I need and desire and hence - Love. But I can appericeate women as people and not as sex objects. As an equal and

not as a lesser sex - or weaker, more emotional being. So therefore I say that if ever I should come across a woman who excites me the way men do she too would, or could be a canditate or potential lover or spouse. After all bisexuality, [illegible] if everybody was, would make the world a better place to live in.

6/21/84

Dear Me,

Today is officially the first day of summer and my father's birthday. We got a shower today for the first time in about a month, it was nice while it lasted. But like everything else it came and went.

I have to come to a point in my life, (quite early some would say) without ever going through a

←

whoring
~~whoring~~ stage that I don't even like to sleep with anyone if I don't feel something for them. Or worst yet if **we're not** going to become lovers. I'm a point where I need to be with and share emotions, wants, needs, and sexual release with someone. I want it to last for more than one night. I can't deal with not knowing if I'll ever see him again, if he'll ever call to say "hey I enjoyed last night" Why don't we do this more often". Or just be honest and say, "I'm horny as hell," "and everybody else I trick with is out or occupied tonight". This way I could at least hope that we would grow to love each other or find something to ~~establish~~ a relationship on. But things like this never happen to people like me, so you suffer the heartache and make amends with what you have.

7/7/84 → I had an encounter with David Lamar

Not on this date but somewhere inbetween

Dear Me,

"Eric" → → →

A young boy of but 18 years of life. A sweet, young, and seemingly innocent country boy. Country, yes, innocent, somewhat. Eric is just a tad bit shorter than I, he's dark and at first impression seems to be simple. However he's not at all simple. He's quite intelligent to say the least. He has gorgeous dark lips, luscious long slender black legs to match his [illegible] lean body. He's easy going and soft spoken and an angel in disguise to me. He's from a small town like I am (Thomaston), and he's a great cook. He is a "normal gay" as I would say - not too butch and not to fema. Just the way I like em. There are 2 things that are hindering us. One

is that he is only here for the summer, and is staying with a cousin "Al", who is a upright closet queen. Secondly I like so damn much, I feel we will never be able to get together (in bed) and if so he'll leave me and go on to someone else.

The End
Carl James

P.S. He kisses like a dream

Dear Me, "The Dream Wilts?"

July 4th 1984

Eric, the young man whom I found so fascinating, has become somewhat of an alluring obstruction. Alluring, because he is very low key and shy, which is so alluring to me until it act as an obstruction to me. I can hardly think about

anybody else except him.
At least that what I thought.
Tuesday night proved to me
that I was dead wrong. It
was about 10:00 pm and Sandy,
Eric and I were at Illusion
for the gay pride celebration.
They had a parade which
ended at Illusion as well as a
street dance and a flawless
show followed inside afterwards.
The place was packed with
BWMT conventioners from
various places, and mostly
whites from the city with just
the right # of blacks to make
things interesting. The stars were
in the right place and I was
loose enough from over
indulging in pot and cocktails to
take advantage of the situation.
I picked the biggest blackest
"thug" in the place. Of course
I really had to dig, because

he wanted to play "Brotherman"
on me. Everytime he went for
that "Ah Baby" touch and feel
routine, I retaliated with the
same. This, of course, embarrased
but excited him enough to really
come after him. I gave him the
"Davis Doctrine" (Inspired by mother)
fever. Meaning he didn't get
away with shit. All the time
Eric was taking it all in. Then
we hit the dance floor and sluted
for awhile, until the next show
began. Well by that time
the "thing" had all he could
take and wanted to get into my
panties. He tried everything. First
he tried to get me high, which
failed, because he failed to produce
any. Secondly by telling me he had
his own vehicle, which again failed,
because he didn't have an apartment
or any type of shelter to take me to in
which we could engage in repeat

contact. Third by telling me he I didn't "Love" him. This of course was the damn truth. I didn't and don't, but he wanted me to please him and then he'd jack me off. Wrong again! Insted I felated him for about 3 or 4 seconds and dry humped him from behind while jacking him off. It was a cute little scene, but it didn't come up to par with my expectations. He claimed to have 10 inches of beef, but what I held in my hand feel short of being a wendy's burger by at least 3 to 4 inches. The being the diva that I am let him know that I was disappointed in the lack of equipment he had. Hell, I didn't ask him for a description of his sex, he volunteered that lie. In a matter of fact way I said to him "where's the 10 inches", shit even if I couldn't have taken

it, the challeng would have been nice and exciting, maybe enjoy-able as well, (all this took place in the back of some buildings less than a block from Illusions).
Alley I may be - but I still remain a dignified white woman. When I got back to the Club I saw Eric first standing by himself against a wall. I began to tell him about the whole scene with this guy adding that he didn't want to be real, but perferred to play games. Eric said that I couldn't have expected much (given the way I carried on), I told him he started with us, we didn't start with him. I could tell by this time that he was somewhat jealous, which puzzled the hell out of me. He was carded by the queen on the door at Illusion Monday night, so he and I spent the night at Greg's alone "talking". He told me

there that he would be going back to Thomaston after the summer and didn't see how things would work out long distance. Naturally I agreed but I least expected to have some hot sex, to have a bond between us while were apart. He didn't show any signs of wanting to do that to me so I didnt bother him. We just conversed until Randy came to pick us up. After this he tries to cop an attitude with me. I mean really, the war and is in his court. If he chooses to volley good or pass up the chance to score then it will probably be for the better. I don't know if I could stand not seeing him for almost a year after lying with that Mahogany body, those deep brown eyes, and luscious chocolate lips.

When next I see him, I shall pour my heart out to him. I am going to be quite frank and truthful saying exactly what's on my mind. So if things dont work out the dream will have dwindle?

With Peace of Mind
Carl

Dear Me, July 6, 1983

Excuse me for excluding a major part of the story in my last entry.

After I returned to where Eric was inside Illusions we began to make small talk. I asked if he saw anybody he liked, he replied, "yes quite a few." I told him not to be shy just get up go over and introduce himself, or at least ask them to dance or something to let them know you noticed them. Of course he could bring himself to do that anymore than I could (ha-ha). As the night grew

longer, and our conversation grew less, I began to cruise the crowd for a tasty little morsel on which to nibble. Needless to say, I spotted one in about 5 minutes. I stared a little longer than usual and so did he. He just propped himself up on the wall and kept staring. I had just about had enough of this when I decided to go and get me some cigs. from the lobby, hoping he would follow close behind. He didn't, damn I said, missed again. But when I got back to my chair, there he was sitting next to Eric. Well, I thought to myself, he was looking at Eric not me, wrong again. He was using Eric as a go between to get to me. So after I was told he wish to talk to me I invited to stand next to me on the wall. One thing led to another and we

ended up here in bed (Freddie's room).
On our way to Randy's car to get my purse and keys, Randy and Eric tried to jive on me, by saying that the guy was a troll. I was not daunted by this whatsoever. I told them I didn't care I was going to have him anyway. I explained to Randy what the situation was with Eric and I. He was being too damn slow, we had the opportunities to have each other but I could never get any response from him but a kiss. So I just opted for someone else for the night. Randy understood perfectly and said not to worry. Eric still seemed a bit perturbed by the whole thing, so I told him point blank - "I would much rather you be the one going home with me tonight, but you're too slow". He said "I guess my mind was somewhere

ass." "I think so" was my reply.
So I went to the car with
Freddy and "Paul" my trick
and we came home.

He was a "thug" - he looked, smelled and somewhat acted the part. He was quite easy to please in bed and pleasing as well. After we'd finished foreplay he told me I could really give head. Well, I know that had to be true being the oral bitch that I am. I thought that was cute and all so I asked for some ass. He said plainly and clearly, without hesitation, that I could have anything I wanted. Well he had been complementing me all night. He refered to me as a "Redbone", I wanted to tell him that I was one of the few real white women left, but I kinda liked

being referred to as a "Redbone".
(He told me, he liked them (his pieces) Red, with big asses. Well he was just a sweet to me as any guy ever has been. And after giving up a straight man's only prized possession (his ass) he had taken me too fast. Well I must have laid in those cakes for pert near and hour before I came. We tried several positions and ended up with him on his stomach while I did the do and came. Once while pumping away he thought I was about to come and asked me to come on his stomach, well that sorta freaked me out, but I didn't do it. Well when it was my time I thought life had ended. The man was blessed with a "rod" wide enough to part the Red Sea. Lord, this man hung. I pleaded and begged him to take it easy, and surprisingly enough he

did. He talked to me got me to relax and work with him instead of against him. He got it all in, he couldn't work it like he wanted to because I was giving me hell. He told me I was a Red Bitch, (which I didn't like) and I'm supposed to be able to handle anything. Then he was amazed at the tightness of my womb and came hurriedly, "thank you"! It was about 1:45am or so and said we should get some sleep and get up at three and get some more. These weren't my thoughts at all so I let him sleep until the next morning. I got up, showered, got dressed, and got him up and took him to the train station, gave him money for coffee and train fare.

The End

July 8, 1984

What greater gift does a man have than his life?

What greater gift can a man give to another?

There is none. None greater than the gift of sharing his gift with another.

(Nobody wants to be alone, we all need companionship. For counseling, listening, and talking. For taking walks with, for sex and for a reason to live).

July 13, 84

Dear Me,

Today is Thursday and yesterday was another sellout at the Madness at Illusion. There were plenty of hot boys and men, and the cocktails were on time. Rand, Eric and I went and we had a ball. We got drunk as skunks and camped it up. We drank gin and tonics and chased them with apple snapps. Ellery Tuttrow was there and a lot of other people I haven't seen in a while. We really got wild on the dance floor and then we decided it was time to leave.

July 12, 84,

Dear Me,

I feel asleep writing my last entry. Therefore I decided to finish it tonight because I'm bored as hell and there doesn't seem to be much more to do. With no further ado, I shall begin.

Lately my searches for happiness, wich I "think" is a lover, have leave me very depressed, empty, callous, and hard-hearted. I've been tring so hard to find just one guy to have a meeting of, the minds, with, and understanding of emotions, ~~and eventually~~ as well as an intrest in making love instead of having sex. Someone to care about, someone to care about me, someone to cry to, someone to listen to my emotions — someone to share me with. I have no greater gift to give to the man I love but me - wholely and totaly. He has no greater gift to give to me than himself → wholely and totaly. I have been trying to make Eric be that guy. But everything seems to go aloof when were together. I knew when I first laid eyes on him that I wouldn't mind sleeping with him. That,

I did. It was sex, and that all. I went through the same things with him that I do with all my tricks not much was different, except for the fact that I didn't push his womb in. The reason → He said he wasn't used to having that done to him. Why? Why? I ask you, didn't he tell me this before we went to bed together. He knew exactly what I liked I told him so on several occasions. (There was also a growth of some sort ~~on~~ in his anus) He said he would be ready next time. Next time hell! There probably won't be a next time, he said there ~~would~~ will be. Who knows maybe there will be. At any rate, I felt used again. He did a wonderful job of lying there while I made love to the majority of his body (the essentials). Did he

show me any affection besides kissing and hugging - No. When he was ready to enter me, he couldn't even do that right. He couldn't enter me with me lying on my back, (due to the size of his penis small) so he asked me to lie on my stomach. I mean really - how impersonal. I was so disappointed with this little ~~[illegible]~~ affair that I went to sleep and didn't worry about getting my roach off. The next morning we ~~[illegible]~~ took a shower together → we didn't even touch except to change sides of the shower. I even showed him the way back to his cousin house (Al), by ridding the 122 to work instead of the 121 St. M. He was supposed to call that night, but didn't call until yesterday, when he heard that Randy was going to Illusions. But I feel deeply about him as a person and lover in a neutral sense. I think I may even love him. He called about

an hour or so ago and we had a serious conversation, so the verdict is I love him, but he's young and handsome and wants to have all he can. This I can't blame him for. He's a small town boy in a big city and he's intrigued by what he sees. I'll be damned if I'll be the one to stop him from learning. Learning that it's not about how many you have, but it is about giving and sharing. It's about peace of mind and someone being there. I'm sure he will later discover this in life. He may even wish he'd cared for me the way I care about him, then again he may not. Only "time" will tell.

Sa La Vie
Anthony Carl Daniels

Dear Me, July 15 3:52 am

Tonight I was relieving myself of some waste particles accumulated during the day, and I had a hard time getting it to "pass", which made me very horny. All I could think about was sex. Sex with Eric preferably. I took a nice hot shower and tried to cool off, but it only made me hotter. Eric, Eric, Eric, I love that boy. "I guess?" I feel very strongly about him. Even after our less than romantic evening together last week. I still feel something for him, and I hope that if we are ever together again that I can make things different for "us". I want love, not sex. I want everything to click with just the right note of ecstacy and romance.

Loving Yours.

June 20 84
Friday

Dear Me,
I cried tonight.
After months of dryness, they came. The tears came. They flowed slowed at first. Then they ran faster. When the caught up with the flaring of my tortured soul they were almost uncontrolable. But they ceased as if they never came. Wait. They started again. I don't scorn the tears, I welcome them. Moreso the misery and love of having a reason to cry. The joy of knowing they aren't in vain.

Dear Me, 6/23/84
Today is a gloomy Monday. It rained most of the day yesterday and it came a light sprinkle early this morning which made things gloomy all day. These last past 2 wks. have been quite interesting for me. The reason being that I have been high most of what

time. I been doing coke, and of course smoking pot, and this past Saturday I did some [illegible] (strawberry). I had a about 7 guest and excused myself from the room and passed out on the bed. It wasn't a cute thing to do with a house full of guest, but the [illegible] had me so fucked up that I really couldn't do much more. It scared the hell out of me but it was fun at the same time. "A real trip!" My reasoning for doing drugs is to help me keep things off my mind - preferably men. They seem to be the cause of all my heartache. It seems I'm searching for love in all the wrong places, and always coming up empty minded or broken hearted. When [illegible] you? When? When will the

search stop? When will I be loved. I feel like I will come to my demise without having had the chance to share with someone all this Love I have inside. Right know I think I must face up to the fact that I might never find anyone with whom to share my Love with, but it may be that the Lord or some force greater than I has other plans for me.

The End

Dear Me, July 25

Will my heart yet open itself to trust again? Hell no! I've learned that there are people who just want to go to bed and there are people who want things to last longer than a couple of hours. Well, ~~[illegible]~~ unfortunately I'm one of those people who wants things to go on and on (a lasting relationship) but ~~everybody~~ I get involved with ~~[illegible]~~ wants a one night stand. They want my body and not me - the soul, the mind, the me behind the body. It took just once to learn that to avoid getting hurt better do or die. One must learn when the man (or whatever) says let's have sex - have sex and don't assume a relationship will come out of it - Especially the kind where you remain faithful to one another. That was my mistake with Eric.

But I still contend that it was due to the fact that I felt something strong for him, because he is the type of guy that I think I could make a great lover to. When I really stop to examine the situation I find that I don't like him sexually as much as I do mentally and physically. He's a ~~good~~ introverted guy most of the time, but hes warm, cute, black, country and just a lovely guy. But hes young and trying to get all he can. I think I will always have a soft spot in my heart with matters concerning him. In a way I'm glad he had the one short comming that he did, (a less than average size penis) or else I would be madly in love with him. Things would not have been so ~~[illegible]~~ bad if he didn't have that growth in his ass

or if he would have let me push his womb in, or first said I could, because I would have refused to (because of the growth). Then to make matter worst he promised he would next time, there has been no next time and I can forsee no next time.

Yeah from the same direction doth cometh a second youth of ~~better~~ endowment. "Norman, is that you?" Norman is his name, and he is yet another small town country boy. He's tall dark, fairly handsome, but troubled. He's having trouble dealing with himself, which is normal for his age. He wanted to spend the night with me last night but we both were of cut phy so it never came to pass. Maybe in the future I will. Will I be able to handle it?

Dec End

Dear Me, July 26, 84

I'm on the 122 Memorial College, on my way to the Avondale Marta station. Work was slow and tiresome and I was so eager to leave the place. Last night Randy, Eric and Norman came over again. I sat in my usual spot trying to analyze what was going on, it all seemed so confusing. Chico came over after work and brought us a dime bag he'd bought in the complex. That's when things really got confusing. I started tripping and so did everybody else. Of course you know all about my fling with Eric. Well Randy, Eric and Norman along with a 4th party, Mr. Michael had a group party. So everybody has slept with at least 2 of the others except me. So I can really

tell who has feelings for whom. I got vibes that Eric likes Norman and Norman likes me. Randy seems to think that they both like me, but I don't know about Eric. Things haven't been the same between us since we ~~[illegible]~~ slept together and he met Steve. Then there are my feelings on them. I really liked Eric and I still do to a certain degree, but he lied to me and made me feel used. I still get weak just looking at him. Norman is a fairly intelligent young man he's handsome and black - the way I like them, but behind this ~~[illegible]~~ innocent ~~[illegible]~~ looking facade is a Mt. of problems. Besides the usual religious clashes we have with our gayness due to ~~ups~~ upbringing in the church, he has problems with identifying with males ~~[illegible]~~ (black). It seems

he would rather have white guys. Why? He claims its because his grandfather is white. I told him to search himself for a reason why. Randy told me last night that he likes me, I'll take that as meaning he wants to sleep (have sex) with me. If and when we see each other I will be ready willing and able, but what happens afterwards. I really would prefer to have him as a lover rather than another trick.

Dear Me, July 28, 84

Norman is that you? This is what I found myself asking (wanting to) him after the things that were said and done.

August 2, 84

Dear Me,

Dear Me,

Today I think I can finally sit and express all the things that have been going on with me in the last past 2 wks. First of all there was Norman - a beautiful strong (body) young black man of but 18 yrs. of life. He came into my life just at a time when I was getting over sleeping with Eric and having it go nowhere. He flattered me told me how fine I was, and that he loved me. He gave of himself freely and without self-control and made

me love him. He told me of his fear of loosing me, which only lead me to believe that we were considered lovers. Then he started to shy away, always debating homosexuality from a so-called "Religious Background and up bring". He ~~was~~ was always involved in debates with Bernard about this issue which seemed to be the one thing that his whole life revolves around. Love I gave him, love he fought because he was ~~taught~~ taught that it is unnatural. But how, dammit, how! How could you love anyone, male or female the way I love Norman and it be wrong!

Dear Me, 8/17/84

Tonight is one of those nights that I can't make myself put everything that's on my mind into perspective on paper, so I'll wait until this weekend when I have more time to deliberate on the matter at hand.

The End

Dear Me, 8/25/84

Today is a nice sunny Saturday, and I'm all dressed up with nowhere to go. I was supposed to be going downtown shopping with Chica (Venable), but she hasn't shown so I'm going to take advantage of this time and catch up on some things I've been neglecting. Like you! Charles Coleman is a new face in my life and hopefully will be my roommate when I leave the nest to start my my

own little egg holder. That's right! I'm ready to leave the nest to start a life on my own. Its time and Charles made me realize it. Charles met Bernard (Mother) in Columbus one weekend with a sob story. He had been through hard times with a ex-lover (Pete Butler) and lost most of his possessions and money as well as his job. He came to Columbus from Tallahassee (or Thomasville) to stay with a good friend). The friend (a dyke) had a lover whom did not hit it off with Charles, so they threw him out, and he ended up here. He's a pretty neat guy and we get along well so were going to give it a try. Then there a very dominant

girl in my life too. Well
I guess you could say two very
dominant girls. Snow is the [illegible]
most recent bitch to find her
way into my life. Shes white
very amorphus and rather flakey,
or powdery is a better term.
She makes me feel very
euphoric and laid back. Its like
nobody else matters when I'm
with her. Shes sometimes refered
to as Coke by others, but she
always be the messy woman in
my life. Due to the fact that
this girl is so expensive. The other
woman is not a bitch shes really
quite innocent, but shes there
more than snow is. Shes helps
my get into me and really think.
Shes makes me laugh a lot
too. Although I may leave
Snow - Maryjane will
allways be my lady.
Then there is a man in my

life. A man whom I desire but I have not yet conquered his name is Lorenzo, and he's a waiter (in training) at El Chico. He is so alluring without knowing it. The first day he started working and I saw him, I ~~know~~ knew I wanted to sleep with him. Then he introduced himself to me and I knew I wanted much more than one or two nights of pleasure with this man. His eyes moved me to the point that I thought he was watching me and calling out my name all day. He has as much magnetism and allure as Vampires as said to have. He is the only guy that I've met that I'm going to pursue ~~&~~ until he says yes or no.

The End.

Dear Me, 10/6/84

Tonight is a Saturday night, I'm at home with no plans for the night. The reason being that my mind and space to think have become crowded. I have no room whatsoever to think or even dream. Then there are the things that have happened to me since I left my job at El Chico. For ex. unemployment. I have not worked a day since I left, and unemployment is no laughing matter. Gone are the days of having more to spend (tidy) than anybody else in the house, gone are the days of having a check every (most) Friday. My income has been $0.00 for almost a month ~~and~~. Needless to say my bank account has been dwindling ~~to~~ away.

Now, finally I'm hopeing that this period of emotional draining is over. I have a interview with Harry Gray at the processing center at C+S (He is none other than Bernard's supervisor) bank Tuesday at 10:00 am. Praying is truly what I've been doing. When the heart is low, who else is there to call on that you are sure will pull through? (It seems things were going great for me the first week of being without a job. I had applied with The Ritz Carlton and C+S, (as well as numerous other resturants and private industry) both of them called me back for an interview and testing. I went to C+S about 2 and had gone through 2 interviews with the Ritz and I had been hired. All

that was left to do was meet with the general manager and go through orientation. I was about 15 minutes late because I stayed out late the night before and the rest is history. Just as I was wondering why C+S had called or written me since the testing, they called and set up and interview with me. I may well be on my way up the corporate ladder.

Lately I have not been too enthused about Charles Coleman as a friend let alone a roommate. She is consistently getting caught in lies and always trying to be the center of attention. Not that I used to be it, (I'm not jealous?) it's just that she's so much like Greg Odum with its pathetic. She's made herself at home in my closet. I did tell her it was O.K. after

she'd made herself at home anyway ~~now~~ she goes overboard. I think its best that I let her get on her way by her damn self. Maybe its because he's intruding on my space. Oh shit! Who the hell I'm I kidding? Charles is a loud mouth pretentious Bitch. We will not be able to get along no matter what I try to do to alleviate matters between us. He probably would be able to tolerate me moreso than I he. He's also a lethargy something I couldn't be if I wanted to. The reason being I can't bring myself to sleep with this Tom, Dick, and Harry and not feel something. I need someone there all the time. Someone I can depend on and have faith in as well as love. At least

that what I think my misiries ~~aruse~~ arize from.

Yesterday night I went to the Henry County fair in McDonough with Carolyn Rita and one of her co-workers Melvin. Melvin is a handsome ~~m~~ young man, slightly tie-tounged but very sweet. I really would like to get to know him better. Better as in intimate. Hoping that it would lead to something lasting, ~~as in~~ a relationship. But I'm afraid he'll be one of those guys, like some many before him, that I can only only fantasize about, because nothing will ever materialize between us. But dreaming and fantarizing are the next best thing to being there.

Free Nelson Mandella
Cee

Dear Me,
Tonight is unlike any other night in the years of this life on earth for me. I have been thinking without listening, acting on sheer impulse and feelings of fleeting grandeur. Life, purely and simply Hell, and people talking of forever suffering after.
I'm in over my head and time is not on my side. The way I see it, there have been too many people on my side helping cushion life's blows, yet there haven't been enough. I feel used, dirty and filthy. Like I'm a bad disease or a fungus of sorts.
Until a couple of days ago I thought I was tough. I thought there was no stopping me once

1/8/85 (9)

Dear Me, This is my first entry on the new year of Nineteen hundred and eighty five.

This year finds me in a struggle. A struggle like no other I've ever encounter before. Reason being I'm up against a tough opponet. An opponet like no other. He knows all ~~my~~ my weak spots. He knows when to attack me, always catching me at my weakest moments. He has the ability to think 2 ~~steps~~ ahead of me, always determing what my actions are before I do. He's my most worthy adversary. He's me.!

March 25, 1985
2:04 Am monday morning

Dear Me,

Yes I know it has been years since last we spoke. And yes, I take all the blame! I've been the one neglecting my coming home. The reason being; ~~the~~ the news chapter that has developed in my battle here in hell has left me the victoriously defeated. Yes, I was scared of battle but I was victorious, because chance of me being wounded again in the same spot are non existent (very slim). But this just reassures me that there will be no suffering when at last I rest from my years of battle. For I will linger on, and in the years after my farewell, I will be able to help somebody who will come as I came. Marked with a ~~no~~ [illegible] brand. A brand that others will also wear, not ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ really seen

~~but~~ by any normal eye, only the branded eyes. And I shall be the eyes of one special branded child. Just as Gabriel watches over me.

The End

Anthony Carl Jones

Dear Me, July 5th 1985

Once again it has been a while since I took the time to sit down and let my thoughts collect on paper. It seems as time goes by and I get to a point in my life where I'm seemingly content I write less and less. The only time that I was doing this on a regular basis, was when I was depressed and alone, or

extremely overjoyed. But there have been events in my life that let me know that I should always keep a line between me and my conscious open. There are times when having that peace of mind is the only thing that can help in a time of despair, when things look like they'll never get better.

We must all realize that we will have to answer for all things done haphazardly and in the pursuit of the flesh. Always think about what you are doing and be realistic about it every step of the way. There were 2 times in my life (while in Atlanta) that I went to bed with guys who were street (bums-trade). And knowing what street guys think of me, I never should

have done it. Both incidents
still haunt me and so do
both guys. Things were so
bad at one time I was running
away from both of them every
time I saw them. The blame
is mine. In the pursuit of
affection and (or love) for the
night, I lowered my standards
and morals to lie with dogs.
And when you lie with dogs
you get up with fleas. The
thing that makes me the angriest
is that I enjoyed it. And the
one I enjoyed the most was
the one I sunk the lowest to
do. Although neither of these
two incidents should've ever
happened. But we learn
from our mistakes.
A New Me starting evolving
not long ago, and with that
new me came new friends,
new jobs, new drugs,

And new problems. I guess
the things that have happened
have happened for a reason.
A good one at that. They
were all part of the
learning process. Every
thing has served some
purpose taught me some
lesson. Growing, living
and learning is what
my endeavors have been
about. The using and
abusing of the drugs & take
have done things to me I
didn't expect. That is a
lesson learned about them.
The changing of jobs was
cute and meeting and learning
how to deal on each one
was cute. But it has
become harder and
harder to find them.
Especially at the rate
that I was changing

them. My new friends have opened my eyes to a lot of things about fashion, hair and a few things about life, but I have also learned how to avoid them. Learning and dealing everyday of my life.

The thing that has been hardest on me is men. Why? Well along with the fast life I began to live so shed quite a few pounds. Which added considerably to my appearance. Along with those improvements came added attention from guys as attractive as I've always liked. Me not used to be paid that much attention to I was knocked off my feet. And so were

they. There were a few, but not that many, all sweet and interesting and I loved them all that night. They all made me feel wanted, desired, and admired. Something that happened only once every now and then before. I special with each one. Some I only held in my arms for the night, others we had an understanding of each other with each other. Then there were those who I used and those who used me. But now, and I don't even think they realize it, they have become a part of me, some bigger than others but still a part of me.

Dear Me, July 10th 1985

There's a lot on my mind today. It's like no other day I've had for awhile. All my thoughts, emotions, and ideas seem to be ~~con~~ inter-twing, mingling in a frantic orgy. Fear, aprehension, Nostalgia, malice, sympathy, apathy, lust, desire, and hope are all part of the orgy taking place in my mind.

About 2 weeks ago I was ~~hospit~~ hospitalized for something unknown. I admitted myself with the intentions of finding that out. I was examined, x-ray, and had blood taken from me so many times I nearly fainted. I was put into a room on the 6th floor in isolation. All those entering to visit (including nurses) had to wear mask. My body was covered with red welps

and spots, with the exception of my face (caused by some ill gotten medication), I was running a high fever, I could'nt have bowel movements, and when I did they were very painful. I had to have an I.V. in my arm throughout the duration of my stay, which of course got next to me with my fear of needles. Overall, my stay in the hospital wasn't all bad. They never did come right out and tell me that something or what was wrong with me. They had been trying every since I'd been there to say it was AIDS, but of course I told them to rest with that, but that exactly what they did. The held true to their saying that I had the virus and to slow things

down. The reason being is this virus doesn't mean that I'm a victim of aids but merely a transmitter or carrier of the virus. Then they left me hanging, without anything else to go on. Where was I to turn now?
This experience wasn't as gruesome as it may have been to some. I'm sure it would've been catastrophic to hear a diagnosis like AIDS for most gay Americans. But I was very sick ~~but~~ and when he said the words AIDS, it didn't ring a bell. Now, its a different story. I've been at home now for about 2 wks, eating getting stronger, yet still drained. The swollen Lymph nodes are still there, the pain when I defecate is still there, and the music all of a sudden

Comes to a screeching halt.
And I'm scared as shit.
I thank the Lord that I have
a home to come home to
and a family who loves and
cares about me when I arrive.
They may not understand me,
but there's a reason for that.
They do love me, but they're
naive about some things and
ignorant about others. The
things that I want from them
I will have to earn and help
them see that I deserve them.
Things like respect, and more
respect and a willing to meet
me halfway and say, I don't
care I love you, if nothing
else. The road will be a
bumpy one, but so has all
my life before this point so
why not a little more.

I Love You too, Carl.

Dear Me, July 15, 1985

Surprise! I can't believe it either! I'm writing another ~~[illegible]~~ entry this soon. This recuperation time is just what the doctor ordered as far as getting back to me is concerned. For that, I thank the Lord for stopping me when he did.

~~August~~ July 28, 1985

Dear Me, I feel like such a fool today, for so many damned reasons I don't know where to begin. Today or shall we say tonight, my emotional flow is so high and flowing so strong that I can't seem to make heads or tails of what I'm feeling.

August 1, 1985 July 31, 1985 about 12:00am

Dear Me, I have been here since the last wk. in June (somewhere around the 24th), about 6 wks I'd say. And in those 6 wks I've thought a lot about getting back home (Atlanta?). Then today at some ~~of~~ inopportune moment, it hit me.

What the hell am I thinking about going back. The reason being? The city allows me, (just like it does thousands of others) freedom ~~and~~ to be. I'm in a place where very few people know me, and if I should decided to get a little crazy every now and then, who's to say it's abnormal for me? No one really can. I've seen and done things I might not have dreamed possible here, some good, some bad. No one here was the wiser? All this means everything and nothing. I will probably live in the city for the rest of my life, but I will never forget home. HOME - where there are people who love me, where most importantly

The people who raised reared and birthed me are - my family. The people who shared my achievments, my failures, my hopes and dreams. They were there through the good and bad - my family. What a wonderful word. HOME the place where I can come back to when I have no place else to go. The place where I can rejoice with people I have long admired, people who in the years will help me in various ways to remain sane and keep reaching higher - my friends. After weighing the pros and cons, I realized there is no other place I'd rather be than here now. And there no other place I'd would live in the future - home.

Tonight - Today - I feel like such a fool. Why? I didn't realize why I couldn't get into the flow of my emotions earlier. When I sit down to materialize my thoughts on paper, it has to be natural and not forced. It doesn't matter if I'm writing out of boredom, self pity, anonymity, love, joy or pain. It must be natural and not forced. I have to take this pen and began with the first thought on my mind. Everything else will have a spontaneous flow afterwards. There can not be planning of what emotion I will write about or what ideal, dream, hope or achievement comes first or second. You are what keeps me sane. You are what

keeps me intouch with my soul. I lost part of you to theft (a terrible invasion of my privacy and inner being), and another part of you to shame (I burnt ~~some~~ all of my letters from Jr. High). At this point with things going on so quickly around me, I cannot stand to lose any part of you again -

Right about now, the feeling starts. I'm feeling empty, drained - and yet I'm still filled. I want to get away from it all, take to the air like a soaring Harpy, or just drive for hours on end. ~~~~ Not have any responsibilities or worries.

~~Try~~-ing so hard
Carl

Dear Me, Aug 7, 1985

Today has been one of those very boring days. One of those kinds that you can't find anything to do but eat. Funny I should say that, right? Well I'll tell you. Having lost as much weight as I have in the last 6 months and looking as good as I am, I'm parnoid as hell about gaining it back. Its not like I was obese, just southernly (womanly) bodies. You know? Huge thighs and hips and a big ass. But now that I'm slimmer and look a little more masculine the attention that I've been getting has been great. My attitude changed as well with the weight loss. My body type before was

well matched with a feminine attitude. I acted the way I felt and looked. Womanly (omanish). The way any girl would to attract her hearts desire, a man? At least my idea of a man. Oh! How quickly I grew up! Once I learned just what my actions and appearance were attracting. I was getting the attention of guys who were out to gain self satisfaction or out for the closest faggot. This wasn't for me. Being mad to feel subservient or second in command wasn't the answer, I didn't want to feel like somebody's bitch, but their partner. I wanted to be any man's partner in life, love, and

bed. When the weight loss came, thank goodness I had matured enough to realize to let the old me die as well. Oh, of course I still can camp it up with friends at home but there is a limit to everything. I have a New attitude.

Although it was due to drugs and the lack of ~~eating~~ properly that I lost weight and latter a virus that caused me to be hospitalized. I hate to say it, but I don't regret having done it that way. I've never had the willpower to diet or exercise daily so I was glad, but I do realized and I am hoping that one day I will have that power because a life dependence on drugs and alcohol is not the way. I'm hoping and

praying for my day to come when I have reached a point in my life where I don't rely on crutches for anything. A day when I could care less about the things people say about me. A day when I don't feel a need to belittle people or be vengeful or have malice toward any. A day when what's new in the fashion market doesn't matter. That day, Oh what a joyous one it will be. The day I am at total peace with myself. My only fear is that it will be a life long battle, and the day of glory being my demise.

XXX

Tonight is also a one I have been waiting for for a while. Tommorow is my last (I hope) appointment with the doctor. Hopefully

I will be given some type of persciption and not a shot. Shit I hate needles. but whatever I get, it will be for the better. XXX

They know! It's not like I didn't think they suspected or had a hint, but ~~know~~ know I know for sure. My mother, like all mothers has known for probably as long as I have. My father picked up somewhere thereafter, but not too far behind. In the time I have been back home and the subject of someone else's sexuality has come up. If I am present and my mother is there she always defends them. She does it ~~or~~ in a way the lets me know she's defending me as well. My father on the other is struggles to find a

means or way (religiously) to justify or condemn gayness. This dissappoints me in a way. Everytime he tells me of incidents in the community of people being "caught", or something someone says and the scriptures used to back it up. I just want to say, "blasphemingly", fuck that, that is written, and let me tell you of my hearts desire.

Dear Me, Aug. 8 "85"

This is the day, and I feel particularly good. ~~now~~ It is no yet time to go to the Medical center, so I'll make another ~~entry~~ when I get back home. I'm not scared now, but by the time I get there I'm sure I will be. I just pray

there won't be any sketch today. Shit I hate needles. I had another one of those wild dreams of mine last night. I don't think I've ever written about them before maybe I will start today. This dream was about a wild hog and my St. Bernard (fighting to the death) in the house and bathroom cleaning for my mother. Strange right? right!

August 13th (Tuesday Morning 1.20.34)

Dear Me,

My stay here is nearing its demise. Soon it will be time for me to return back to my little abode in the city. I'm anticipating that everything will be nice and different when I return. But you never know.

The Family, for the most part, were very supportive and here for me. That I will never forget. My instincts were right, I can't stay much longer. The aura here is just not for me. Instead of going forward here they seem to be standing still and growing in numbers. Why? I don't know. Life has and I want to be one step

closer everyday to a 2 car apartment setting in the suburbs. Without telling people that their man I share my home with is none but my best of friend.

Sometimes when I feel empty and it happens often now than before. I think of the failed affairs I've had thus far. How much I'd hoped that the next one would be it for me. I live day to day wondering if I will ever have Love in the form I think I'm deserving of. That which I'm capable of giving. OH how troubled and weary my soul sometimes gets. I feel like my life must go on and end with out my hearts desires ever being answered.

What About Love

August 16. 1985

Dear Me,

What happens after Walter and I lay up on Saturday James and I on Sunday and whoever on Monday? What happens on Tues, Wedn., Thurs., and Fri when they're busy or working? What happens when nature forces me out of the house in search of relief. What happens when the search is closed for the night. For the night won't last forever, in the morning the search will begin again.

I want to know what love is. Having so much love to give and no one to share it with is the most anguishing affliction of my life. It hurts so bad, so long. When I get close to

finding it my heart stops in fear. Fear of injury. My mind fucked with, shit just doesn't come together. The need to give and receive is so intense. So much so it cripples me, sometimes leaving me in situations where the outcome could be death. Reaching out for sex ~~[illegible]~~ as a twist for love. Although they have never seemed to be identical, always paternal.

Dear Me, 9/25/85

I came back to the city not yet fully recovered from my bout with a nasty virus. Expecting everything to be as it was. There is only one constant thing in life and that's "Change". I was taken aback by how severely things and people changed here in my absence.

My illness should have been a sign that the life I was living was not agreeing with me. The fast pace, ~~and~~ the drugs, and the one too many bars were not the way. But I was reacting to stimuli. I had always been chubby (fat) and I had lost a considerable amount of weight. Therefore I was getting a lot of attention. Attention I wasn't used to getting. A lot of people were finding me ~~att~~ sexually attractive, and I

had never really seen myself that way. I adjusted to this by being a lot more promiscuous than I'd ever been. Being totally on my own for the first time didn't help matters either. I could do what I wanted and I only had to answer to me. I went overboard with this which led to me getting ill.

I can see now how everything I did was due to the fact that I was stubborn and hard headed. But I'm the type that must experience to learn. It is the best teacher.

Thursday
10/19/85 Dear Me,

All these years I've been waiting and hoping for my ship to some day pierce the fog and come into port. All these years, and when It finally does it leaves me devastated and almost without the will to fight. I can remember how I wanted to experience this madness called "Love" for so long. I always thought it will come to me without my realizing it. That somehow I would always be one of the few people in the world never to experience that bitter sweet emotion. Boy was I wrong. "Love" has truly fought and claimed me. I knew of the hurt it can cause, the insane things one does in the name of Love' and so on and so forth. But like me I must always experience first to

know. I have not been abused or in any way physically harmed. But I wished it were that It would hurt a lot less longer.
The young man I feel in "Love" with (Kenny Hamilton) probaly cares for me as much as I care for him, but he chooses not to say so, or anything. The silent treatment.

Kenny and I had one very passionate night together, and every since then he's been scared. Scared of himself and me. We both gave of ourself ~~totally~~ totally and without shame. It was beautiful. But he made promises he couldn't keep like they always do. So now I can either express my feelings to him in hopes of making him comfortable enough to confess his to me. ~~Th~~ Or I can just stay away from him. Either

way I'm hoping the truth will come out, and we can share a part of our lives together experiencing this "Love" we share. I saw so much of him that night, I could tell he was gasping for air that night just like I was. Gasping in disbelief at how wonderful an experience it was. At the way our bodies locked together for a perfect union. He admitted to being ~~[illegible]~~ facinated with even getting someone like me in bed with him. Now he refuses to say a damn thing. I guess I should somehow understand his wanting to be uncomitted or bonded to any one at this point, but I don't because I refuse to. My heart is in this too and I don't want to miss my chance at "Love" because I gave up to easily.

If it must end this way, then I guess it must, but I will not give up without a fight.
I want to at least know that I had enough courage to put my heart on the line and take a chance that "Love" might be there for me. Realizing exactly what Kenny needs to be brought around, and that I may not exactly be it, but taking a chance that he could realize that when "Love" comes along hold on tait for as long as it last.

The one thing the pisses me off about men is most of them refuse to place themselves in vulnerable positions fearing hurt. Most of them are less than men. Pussies. Half of being a man is realizing your potential, and experiencing everything that makes you male. Including that part of you that is feminine.

Dear Me, Oct. 20 Sunday
Yesterday was a quite a cute day and night. Especially after starting off slowly and boringly. The Pecan festival was this wkend and it was nice, Albany needs more little festivals like ~~that~~. Joanne and I spent a lot of the day running around town from place to place - tripping and having a nice time. Vicky Davis was with us too. But we stopped by to see Kenny and he has been sick most of the wk and really looked bad yesterday, so we ended up stopping by to see him whenever we could to make sure he was doing O.K. I thought about him the rest of the day after I had seen how sick he actually was. I wanted to stay and comfort him or just hold and talk to him.

h course that didn't come about
because of our lack of a line
h open communication. I hate
to think that maybe I could
have something to do with him
being sick. But he says that
i mother has the same
symptoms as him, so that
was a slight relive for me.
I was really disappointed in myself
for not having gained his trust
and respect by now. At least
enough so that if I had asked
if he wanted me to stay there and
keep him company for awhile he
would have been honest enough
to say "I would like that very
much!" But I guess that right
that we went at it with no
holds barred triggered a defense
mechanism in his mind that
won't allow him to let go
with me again like that for
fear of liking it too much

or even loving it. These are only my opinions, but I have a lot of faith in them. I must not miss my chance to have a real talk with him next time I see him alone. Because the longer we avoid it the more uncomfertatable I become around him. We can be together sometimes just the two of us, and words may not be spoken for 20 min. at the time. I hate that. I still remember what he said to me on that night weeks ago today. "I'm really fascinated." I never would have thought this would be happening." Well I'm sorry I did."

Oct. 21
Monday morn.
1:15 am

Dear Me,

The mind (human) the most complex machine in existence - past - present - future. Man considers taking control of this machine as his greatest accomplishment. When one man can use the power of his own mind to manipulate those of others to get what he so desires this is thought to be the ultimate in control. Of course there are never any garantees when working with a machine so complex. The one thing that makes the machine so complex is that, one is never sure of the outcome.

For years now, since I've become romantic involved with men, I've been branded. Branded as the type that you either fuck his mind up and have totally worshiping you or he do just that to you. I'm said to be dangerous territory.

Red, cute and fine - so they say. Well I'm just a nigger. Will always be. I just want to be given the chance to Love the way I know I'm capable of. Just given a chance to bring light to someone I care about through all their darkest nights and fire tunnels.

After leaving high school and moving to Atlanta and now moving home again Life has been kicking ass. I know so much about people, places and things till I'm simply amazed. I only wish there was somebody's soul here to witness with me. But I have learned not to ask or question those of that force greater than any man why or when. We all have some, but limited power over what goes on in our lives and I have not yet even

began to put to use the forces that are readily available to me yet. What I want is one man and one man only. Then like it. When picking act accardingly. Let them know up front. If they don't care enough to get to know you first then they don't care at all. Let us find out the things we like in each other rather than those that are clearly visible with our eyes. Let's talk for awhile, let's appreciate us before we attempt satisfying each other

Nov. 5, 1985
1:00 AM

Dear Me,

I have just come in the house from a night of doing nothing with James. These type of nights usually get me through the good and bad times we have during the rest of the wk. We talked in the car parked outside of my house as usual. It always gives us time to get to know each other more and help each other with whatever wrong, or whatever mood we're in. Tonight was especially cute. Being that this wk. holds a lot to be gained and or loss for me. There will be a lot of unwanted obstacles out of the way of me accomplishing something I really want to get out of Life. That something is a someone. A one Mr. Kenny Hammonds.

From what I know about Love, I believe there a chance for you and me. I surely feel like the time is near, the picture in my mind is very clear, I think love has brought us here. I remember not to long ago, I was just another lonely person with a loney heart, and I was hopen there could one day be a chance for me to get the Love that I'd been missin. When you take the chance on Love you see, it's not a waste of time if you truly believe, the impossible can be. So hold on tight if you think you're right cause nothing hurts as bad as when you see you gave up too easily. I remember spending all my time on a dream that kept me wishing that you could be mine. And I was hopen they could one day be a chance for me to get the Love that I'd been missin.

Not my words, but exactly what I want to say. (* Words from Wait For Love - Luther Vandross.) If I can (but I must) only get something along those same lines to spill out my my the next time I talk to him, I'll be one happy ass. At least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I didn't give up on Love too easily. So many times when I talk to Kenny I hear things in his eyes he never says. But I must take this chance to find out if I can get his eyes and heart to speak to me together.

Love Carl

11/12/85

Dear Me,

I don't know exactly how what I'm going to say is going to sound on paper. But the last wk or so have been so heavily filled with emotions I have to try and make an attempt at recording them. It's an important Chapter in my life that I don't want to forget. I don't know exactly where to start.

After sleeping with Kenny for the first time I sensed that I would develop feelings for him, but never as strong as they have become. I love him. That in itself is causing me enough bittersweetness. Then enters a third party. James Fisher - a very dear friend. One responsible for Kenny and I meeting. But they for a brief moment shared something together just before I came into the picture. Thus

it was impossible for a menage-a-trois to take place. James and I are trying to establish a deep lasting serious friendship and Jim did not but cause complications. I want Kenny to myself. We both claimed that we could sleep together and with other people, which is true for the most part. But on those days when I didn't see him and those nights when we weren't together he was all that was on my mind. I, being the person I am welcomed Love, revealed in all its mysteries, heartaches and pain. Held on to its joys and jubilees. He on the other hand fought it. During this period of time I was quite miserable. James took it upon himself to talk to Kenny about it. This of course made it difficult for the three of us. Kenny would never see

James or me exactly how he felt. But I could feel in him when I was in him, and ~~in~~ he in me. I could hear his eyes say so much that his mouth would never utter. James tried to persuade me to give up, but I was determined and I hung in there and I still am hanging in there. So he thought I was foolishly in Love, I thought he was medeling in my affairs. More conflict. Finally and outsider intruded into our platonic menage-a-trois and made the waters unsteady. ~~He~~ Kenny and James had a violent misunderstanding and Kenny and I tried for a second go round and things. I am trying to make things work out between Kenny and I, but James is still upset over what happen between he and

Kenny. More conflict. I love Kenny, but I dont want that to stop my friendship with James, or in any way jeopardize it. But it seems as though James is going to force me to make that decision. I can only hope and pray that they have a reconciliation and I can get back to gain the trust and respect of someone I truly admire, and the love of the man I desire.

Love Carl

11/13/85

Dear Me,

Last night
an early this morning I was at Kennys, talking and "sweating" and it was glorious. This time was a hell of a lot better than the other, in the aspect that we talked before, during and after sex. There are still areas of conversation that need to be expanded on. But I can only take the inititive and hope he responds. As usual the sex was good. I still think about him constantly, and I havent broken down and cried for myself, I'm strong and determined. Determined to show him a person who cares for him, for him. A man. That is the one thing I must show him that I am indeed. Not for reasons most people would think or in the way most

people would think either. I want to prove to him that I am a man by showing him me. The total package. My ~~[illegible]~~ many different moods and characters. My diverse personality in the simple form. I want to be totally honest with him, so that he is with me. We have not yet reached the point where we can go to bed together without having something to boost moral. A drink of this a smoke of that and so on and so forth. But if it is up to me, then so be it, it is, and it will be done. I still sense that he is afraid of his feelings to a certain extinct. But most of all were afraid of each other. We are always very cordial and polite to each other, which can be so yuk! sometimes.

If we can ever develop a meeting of the minds and take it to bed with us, we will have gained something so beautiful, no man could put asunder.

Read it to preachant

Carl

4/21/85

Dear Me, This wk has been one of so many different emotions. The wekend kicked everything off. Friday was Sandra's birthday and I gave her a book like you and two cards with words from the heart. She never said, but I could tell that those simple thoughts of Love meant a whole lot to her. That kept me going. James (Bubba) had a wreck in his mothers car (Mary) and became unnerved. I tried to console with him and make him comforatable about what had gone on but instead he turned to others. He has not yet gotten to a point where he makes me feel good about being his friend.

friendship are very important to me and I guess one of the reasons why is because of my lack of lasting loving relationships. I like to become as close to a person as possible without the intimacy. Sometimes my honesty (almost total) with people scares them or turns them off or something. They always tend to try and use that trait against me. The one thing that James did that whole entire night that made me stop and examine myself, him, Kenny and all of our interactions with one another was this - he kept something from me until the time was perfectly right & when he did it made me feel like shit. I once explained to James the

difference between the 2 of us and why I realized that I could never be the man he is looking for (he being kenny) but he could. The things that make a man to kenny in my opion are so simple, but there not me. At least his face value opion is not mine. I knew that he cared for James, but I pressed on anyway. I gave in to my feelings and I was honest with him to a point where he used my honesty and his silence against me. There I was all the time doing when another wouldn't. After long deliberation on the subj. I decided I don't need the shit. I don't have to play second fiddle to anyone, I deserve much more. I intend to get just that if it takes

me forever and a year. If it doesn't last but one minute. At least I'll know that one minute was shared with someone who loves me purely and simply just as I do him. It's really funny when I think about it now; I thought I had lost so much. A gorgeous tall dark intelligent young man whom I loved. He didn't have sense enough to see what was his to share with me, the loss is his.

I thought about changing my ~~style~~, toning down a bit, not wearing the clothes that I do or the haircut that I have. But I realize if I am to be happy with anyone here they must like me for who and what I am.

Carl

about 4am Friday Day after

Nov 28th & 29th Thanksgiving Day

This is a holiday and as usual it brought home friends that I haven't seen in a while as well as memories. Although some of them I could do without seeing (Nick Salomon), and the one I was hoping to see the most (Leroy) didn't make it, this Thanksgiving has turned out to be very nice. I meet quite a few very interesting people this wk, and of course you know that's one way I like to get off. I've really started to branch out and express myself a lot lately. It's only four that I see this. for so long I've been explaining my actions to people, now it's different. I do as I do well please and no fucking explanations to anyone. I think I'm finally

realizing that Kenny, as lovely a person as he is, isn't what I need. Desire is one thing, but it doesn't last forever. I ~~still got~~ defensive when I'm around him because I truly still love him. However being as blind as he chooses to be, I could never really be happy with him. I can and must see this is so, only to remember that Love is Madness, and go on to ~~better~~ things.

Doubtful

Nov. 30th Saturday 1985

It is about 11:15 or 11:20, somewhere about that time and I'm home. Very odd for me. But my emotions, plus a feeling of entrapment came down on me very early today. Probably due to the fact that we stayed out so late the past 3 days.

I'm trying, I'm making little adjustments and so on and so forth, but finishing school here is going to be a real task for me. My constitution is often tested while I'm in the process of taking and building it to be stronger. I don't know if I can go on with pressures like this for very long, only time holds the answer to that question. I'm going through such a period

emotional build up and breakdown. So much so, that I'm feeling about a million different ways at once, and I can only express so many at one time. I start back to work Monday, so I definitely must take tomorrow to cool out and get in touch with myself. I hate when I can't get everything out on paper. It's so frustrating to be feeling and not have some one or something to tell. I don't know about most people but I always have to get it out sooner. What I need now is to be alone in my own place and have my favorite music playing, smoking good herb and have a long sorrowless cry-

a cry that releases all inner tensions, lets me relax, get my head clear and my heart clean. Then I can slap myself and deal with this thing called life. This heaven and hell on earth. There is nothing but peace to be gained in death, but why live a life that causes others nothing but pain and grief. Or even one where you always satisfying and looking out for others when you never have a happy moment

Dec.

Dear Me,

How? I've managed to do this, amazes me. Amidst all the things that have gone wrong and come to a head this wk, I am still horny as hell. Real hot. There are so many things I need to be trying to see about, but nature seems to be taking first priority. First of all I've fucked up my job with the Temps. Sec, I'm being sued by the company that manages the apt. I used to live in Atlanta. All of this going on so close to Christmas and I'm broke as hell, ~~but still~~ horny. I still think about Ronny, and I see him sometimes in passing. The feeling of Love for him still exist, but I will not be a fool, especially not a

seconded handed one, for any boys. If I am to be a fool I want to be the one and only.

So sweet are the memories
So bitter remembering
So deep the Love I gave
So shallow that I recieved

Realizing I must go on and face the reality of the situation, I was the one in Love, not Kenny. And from this point on there will be No More Tears for you, my eyes have run dry.

Loving You
Carl

Dear Me,   Dec 8 1985

I can remember telling someone recently something about myself that was totally honest. So what! Right! Not really. I told them that I was fascinated by this thing called Life. But sometimes I have a tendency to say things believing they are honest only to find out later that they are not so true. This is not one of those times. Life, almost every minute fascinates me. I'm always learning something new about my self, my lifestyle and the interactions of people to me and each other. It is indeed enough to astonish anyone.

Recently I have been trying to find me, or shall I shall get back into me. I'm being tested I know, because I'm back in a family oriented niche and every day they're here to deal with. That makes

things a little but interesting because of me not being able to deal with myself sometimes. So watching them trying to deal with me is real cute. I honestly think being in the same city is enough, I really need to get out this house with them. At this point in my life I need them a whole hell of a lot, but I don't have the strength to reach out, nor they to reach back to get through this right now. There is indeed Love in this house, but there is also so much we all don't understand about each other. The desire is the there and is so strong, the desire to hear what's on mind and console, but whenever I try to say what's on my mind they only hear what they want to. There are a few things I have to

do first before I can sit down and say exactly what's on my mind and expect to be heard earnestly and given responses from the heart. I know the road for me here will be a rocky one, and nothing would please me better than to have the support of my family behind me. Being homosexual puts me very low on the totem pole and I accept that now, but it will definitely change. Gaining their respect by proving myself independent will be first on my agenda. I don't know exactly how or when, but I will pull that off first.

~~Some of my my most~~ ~~disappointing~~

The city has given me my most promising affair so I must stop to say that

it is Love. Kenny Hammonds (Hamm) is there for the one and only guy that I was in Love with! (In Love with). The feeling is not yet gone and I don't think it will ever leave. I think about him quite a bit, and he could have had my heart had he asked for it. There are so many factors that kept us from becoming as close as I thought we could have been. Some times the memories of what was overcome me, but even more are those of that, that could be haunt me even more. I have not yet given up all hope, but I do realize I have lost a Lover, but I want to gain a new friend,

Love Carl

Saturday morning
12:00 am
7/26/86

Dear Father,
I know I go through times like this all the time. A point where I'm a bit confussed about what direction I would like my life to head in. And I'm unsure about what's happening with my life at that time. It all goes back to the same old damn thing. There's no one in my life to share with, or genuinely care for, or love. But I'm glad I'm having one of these "It's hard to face reality" periods. It's helping me more and more each day. Ultimately, I realize what has transpired in my life thus far and what will happen if I don't do something fast. At 21 I have already grown tired of a life of meaningless affairs, and staying out to the wee hours of the morning coming home with nothing but a hangover

to look forward to. I've had a lot of hardnocks, but not nearly as hard as some, and things could be worse. Someone, (My Father) is showing me that it is up to me to ensure my life is lead the way I want it to be lead. I've always depended on someone, always had to have someone to "run" with. Well, if I don't learn now how to get along alone I never will. I've always stressed the need for one to be an individual, and the best way to start is to be independent. I know I can sometimes have my family baffled at the things I do and say, and they get a little uncomforatable. So since I'm so hard to live with at times, I know what must be done.

School is proving to be quite a bit of fun, I'm meeting new people, learning things that intrest me.

Doing things that let my creativity show. I haven't been as serious as I should have about it, but this too must change. My future depends on this schooling and I intend to come through with flying colors. My next plan is to become employed part time a few days a wk. so that I can make my life an active productive one. I've discovered that some things are best done alone, so I will take that as a hint and begin slowly ostrisizing myself from distractions. I think I may even broaden my horizons and venture out into some unexplored avenues. Life is a gamble, so I'll roll the dice and see what happens. My goal is to have a life while in in school of always being on the go. School, homework, job, shopping, taking the kids here and there, spending time with the family, staying fit (jogging), reading, writing and all these things

that help me make me who I am. Socializing is always fun, but I want to be able to do it at my own door, when I like and however long I like. I want to establish relationships with women and guys, without sexuality or sexual attraction having anything to do with it. Platonic relationships that are mutually satisfying. Giving each other an ear, advice, shoulder and human companionship. The test will be finding those who want the same thing. I've got my head on straight I just need to make myself more determined. My willpower and self-confidence are rather low. But with my faith in My Father, I know all things are possible. And I am praying that he watches over me and gives me a shove every now and then.

Amen Carl

Saturday → Sunday
Am

Dear Me, 5/4/86

I was going to ride out ~~tonight~~. Knowing that the little gas I have in my car I need to use for school ~~next~~ wk. ~~Then~~ I thought about it. If I go out, I'll see something to entice into staying out. I'll come home drunk and get no rest ~~tommorrow~~. Knowing I need all the rest I can get, I'll ~~stay~~ home and get into me instead. As I live from day to day and see how narrow minded people are, or how they pretend to be. I realize how long and hard ~~to~~ journey will be if I am ~~the~~ one. After a while tonight I wasn't feeling like doing much but being by myself. ~~The need~~ for some companionship grows stronger as my hours of thought grow longer. I had never really really, realized the severity of the living I ~~lived~~ have done thus far. I don't want a life alone, nor

Can my heart take the strain of too many failed affairs. But I'm very good at making the best of a bad situation. Maybe that and lack of free time would help from anything to ease the need for love. (This has become a recurring entry.) That's so common now a days. The end - will continue tomorrow

I love you for now for
there is no always and
we will remember this
love until we can remember
it no more.

Anthony Carl Daniels

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C.M., I forgot these in my Bible' Wanda

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